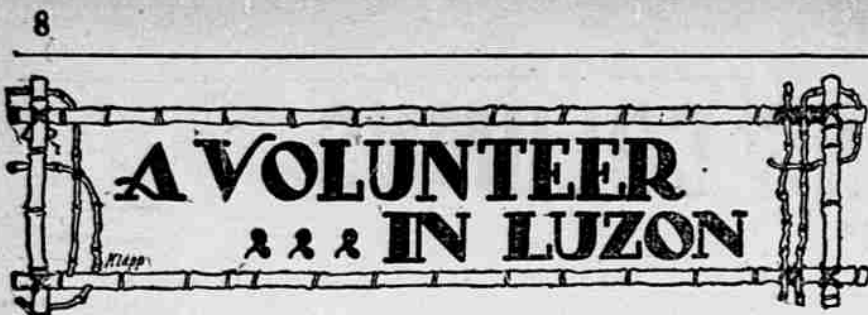


## News From Winners.



By CAPT. HARRY L. WELLS, 2d Ore., U. S. V.

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It is no small matter to get three large field guns and 150 ox carts loaded with a ton each of supplies across a broad river too deep for fording, but that task was performed in a few hours by Lawton's company that went to San Isidro in the Spring of 1899. Common dugout canoes were the only means of transport. Carts and guns were carefully rolled upon the gunwale of a canoe, one at a time, the craft barely keeping them out of the water. Men swam alongside to keep the load from tipping over, while other swimmers towed the outfit with a rope. On the other side long lines of men with ropes dragged them up the steep bank, where the animals that had also swam over were again hitched to them, and the procession started once more.

It would seem strange to an old soldier of the civil war to be carried off the field by Chinese litter bearers when wounded, but that was the way American soldiers in the Philippines were attended to during the Spring of 1899, and possibly may still be. Chinese cargadores could be hired at about the pay of a regular soldier, and could do better service, as they were trained to carry burdens, and sometimes a wounded man had to be carried several miles on a litter before he reached an ambulance. This left the soldier to use his own wits. Whenever we started on the march with Lawton, either with the brigade or on a special raid, each company had a member of the Hospital Corps with it, accompanied by two of these Chinese cargadores with a litter. Sometimes it was wounded men and sometimes men prostrated with heat who were borne by these Oriental bearers. Quite in contrast to the Chinese cargadores, these men exhibited no special fear under fire and would follow the Hospital Corps man upon the field and pick up the wounded with as much courage as white men would have done. Apparently they did this because they had engaged for it and it was their business, while it was the business of the drivers to remain under fire. I see no special difference between Chinese and white men in this respect, the ordinary white civilian suddenly exposed to rifle fire exhibiting as much sign of alarm and panic as civilian Chinese. I believe Chinese under white officers would make splendid soldiers, though not equal to the American, because of their lack of initiative and pushing spirit for his pride. After all has been said about soldierly qualifications, personal honor and pride lead them all.

## PERSONAL COURAGE AND PRIDE OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

Of this fact I saw plenty of evidence. The American stands his ground, and fights and if need be dies in his tracks because he is too proud to run. It is not so much that he fears what his comrades might say as that he fears what he might say if he let his fears get the better of his resolution. There are some who have not this strong self-respect and are satisfied to make an appearance of valor, clinging to the Spanish style of honor, satisfied to "save their face" only; but not so with the great majority. My experience with American soldiers is that they respect themselves, and their steadfastness, courage and dash are a result of this feeling chiefly. The few who ask for or eagerly accept some detail that will take or keep them out of the fight are in a minority, and they do not long retain the solid respect of their comrades. It is the same with officers, only more so, for the men watch them closely, and soon know who the fighting officers are and who are the shirks, and unless there are other reasons for dislike, opinion of them is likely to be based chiefly on judgment of their conduct.

More prominence may be gained and more honors received by an officer who asks or gives him some special detail that keeps him out of danger, but he can never occupy in the hearts of the men the position filled by the officer who stands side by side with them where the bullets fly. Such is human nature.

Remember an incident of personal courage and pride in my own company at the battle of Malabon. About a dozen of us were cut off from the main line on the extreme flank and were lying on an open turnpike exposed to a heavy fire from natives behind intrenchments which we could not reach because on the opposite side of a stream. By lying close to the edge of the pike partial shelter could be had, but two men sat bolt upright in the road because they could see to shoot better, being anxious to sacrifice themselves to safety, though so far as appearance went they might have done so without any loss of prestige among their comrades, who were themselves seeking what shelter was possible, strictly in accordance with the spirit of the drill regulations.

While sitting there as unconcerned as though at a picnic, they discussed the range, the form of the land and the results of their shots as so easily as though at target practice. Not content with that, when it became time to retreat because of a change in the position of the enemy, they were of no value, they walked upright and carried a wounded comrade out of danger. It was not bravado nor a desire to make a show, but a desire to do this, but they would have been ashamed of themselves if they had not.

At another time I had between two of my men behind a tree on the opposite side of a rice ridge 15 inches high during a strong night attack. The man on the right sat bolt upright, carefully aiming his gun at the red flashes of the enemy, while the man on the left hid himself in the shadow as far as he could, keeping his head down behind the ridge except for the instant he raised it to discharge his piece. The first was punished by the enemy, the second was not, but the second was only helping to disconcert the enemy by making a noise. The first was too proud to seek safety at a disadvantage, and the second was not a coward by any means. He was under fire for the first time and had yet to get his nerves attuned to the manner song.

**KANSAS AT RIO GRANDE DE PAMPANGA.**  
When the Kansas regiment crossed the Rio Grande de Pampanga and captured the heavy intrenchments on the opposite bank, several men swam the river, under fire, with a rope for the purpose of attaching it to a tree on the opposite side, to be used to pull over a bamboo raft bearing a score of their comrades. The tree was almost at the very face of the intrenchments to be stormed, and yet the Filipinos had no objection to their coming out from cover and cut the rope, nor to expose themselves sufficiently to get a good shot at the daring men. They crowded behind the tree, and in the fear of the rifles across the stream were coming the crest with their bullets. Had they been Americans, or possessed the personal pride of Americans, there would have been a score of them jump to the rope or to kill the daring men who were fastening it and had come alone across the river in the very teeth of the enemy.

After a few rattled had crossed the river, less than a whole company, charged the trenches and the defenders fled, though far outnumbering their assailants. Did the Filipinos possess individual self-respect they never would have given way before a rush of such inferior numbers.

## LAWTON'S INTERPRET SCOUTS.

When we were with Lawton on the San Isidro campaign there was organized a band of scouts numbering about 20 men. One day these scouts were in the lead of the column about two miles, and came in sight of a burning bridge, to save which

men exhibit the same spirit, two men side by side discussing their hits and even betting as to which one would score a hit first. When the enemy abandoned their trenches these men jumped to their feet to get a better position for aiming at the fleeing natives.

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All these dangers were safely passed and he returned with the information that the floor of the bridge had been removed and troops could not cross save by working their way in single file along the girders. To the men in battle with at other impossible. He thus saved the slaughter that would have followed an abortive attempt to rush the bridge in the morning. The man was rewarded with a high honor and was made the end of the bridge only and then came back and no one would have been the wiser, but his own self-respect and pride would not permit him to do so. Some of the Montana regiment work their way across these girders the next day when the Filipinos began to cross the intrenchments, and arrived on the other side to join in defeating them again after they had made a rally a little further back from the stream.

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The circumstances under which those letters were written were not known or understood by the old grannies who were horrified by them, or if they had possessed a bit of common sense they would have seen that the expressions were correct and that the conduct thus described was perfectly legitimate and involved no brutality whatever. The degree of brutality necessary for killing men in war is brutal enough, in all good conscience, and sometimes the world may get along without it, but while we have it an enemy in arms must be killed, and if he is captured, or there can be no success.

On the day in question the lines north of the city were advanced four miles to a new line by the capture of Calabocan, by the Kansas and Montana regiments. The enemy, as usual, was hidden in the timber and the advancing troops were under fire constantly from an unseen foe. Just beyond Calabocan there is an open rice field of considerable width. When the enemy were driven from the town and the protection of the woods and the stone walls of the town they fled across the open tract. Here was the first time during the day the men had an opportunity to see the foe they were fighting, and they made the most of it. They knelt down and took careful aim at feeling individuals and shot them as fast as they could load and fire with any care. They were careful of their marksmanship as if they had been shooting for a prize. They even made bets with each other as to whether they would hit a particular person or not, just as a man at the targets might bet on his next bull's-eye. I have seen my own

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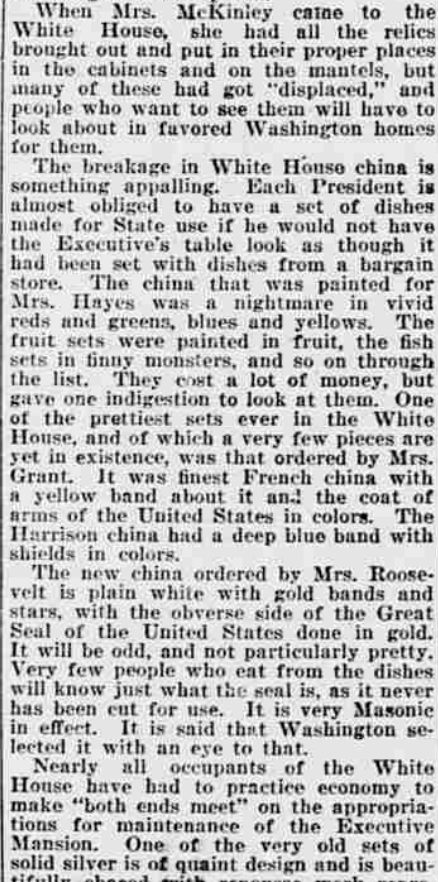
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The circumstances under which those letters were written were not known or understood by the old grannies who were horrified by them, or if they had possessed a bit of common sense they would have seen that the expressions were correct and that the conduct thus described was perfectly legitimate and involved no brutality whatever. The degree of brutality necessary for killing men in war is brutal enough, in all good conscience, and sometimes the world may get along without it, but while we have it an enemy in arms must be killed, and if he is captured, or there can be no success.

On the day in question the lines north of the city were advanced four miles to a new line by the capture of Calabocan, by the Kansas and Montana regiments. The enemy, as usual, was hidden in the timber and the advancing troops were under fire constantly from an unseen foe. Just beyond Calabocan there is an open rice field of considerable width. When the enemy were driven from the town and the protection of the woods and the stone walls of the town they fled across the open tract. Here was the first time during the day the men had an opportunity to see the foe they were fighting, and they made the most of it. They knelt down and took careful aim at feeling individuals and shot them as fast as they could load and fire with any care. They were careful of their marksmanship as if they had been shooting for a prize. They even made bets with each other as to whether they would hit a particular person or not, just as a man at the targets might bet on his next bull's-eye. I have seen my own

men exhibit the same spirit, two men side by side discussing their hits and even betting as to which one would score a hit first. When the enemy abandoned their trenches these men jumped to their feet to get a better position for aiming at the fleeing natives.

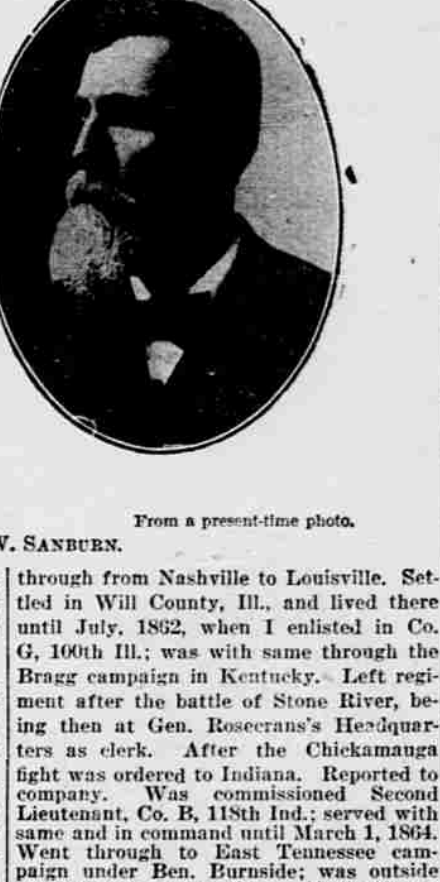
What is there in this for the grannies to get excited over? Surely this is war as it has existed from time immemorial and as laid down in the text books. The importance of pursuing and destroying a fleeing enemy is strongly dwelt upon in military books. The enemy who flees with arms in his hands is as dangerous as the one who remains to fight and equally a subject of slaughter. It is the custom to turn loose a cloud of cavalry upon fleeing enemies and cut them down. During our civil war the blue killed the fleeing gray and the gray shot the escaping blue, and they were brothers, with no race antagonisms to make them specially brutal. In ancient times the great slaughter of battle came after practical resistance ceased and the defeated army was routed. The conquerors pursued and put every man overtaken to the sword. In modern warfare the defeated enemy may surrender when pursued and have his life saved, but so long as he continues to run and endeavor to escape he is a fit subject for the bullet, the sword, the shell and the machine gun. If our men shot with judgment instead of simply firing blindly and thus "shot them

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"THE FILIPINOS HAD NOT A MAN BRAVE ENOUGH TO CUT THE ROPE."

Calumpit, a Corporal volunteered to reconnoiter the iron railroad bridge to discover if it was passable for troops or had been partially destroyed by the enemy. It was a most dangerous feat, because the intrenchments were at the very abutments of the bridge on the opposite side, and was not at all unlikely that a sentinel was maintained on the American side to give warning of a possible attack from us. Removing the men in the morning, and a revolver with him for a weapon, he worked his way up to the bridge and slowly and carefully, hugging a huge iron girder, until within a hearing distance of the sentinel on the opposite end. Canoes passed in the water beneath him, the occupants of which might at any time see him outlined against the starry sky, or his revolver might strike against the bridge trons or something be disturbed by him in the dark and make a noise.

All these dangers were safely passed and he returned with the information that the floor of the bridge had been removed and troops could not cross save by working their way in single file along the girders. To the men in battle with at other impossible. He thus saved the slaughter that would have followed an abortive attempt to rush the bridge in the morning. The man was rewarded with a high honor and was made the end of the bridge only and then came back and no one would have been the wiser, but his own self-respect and pride would not permit him to do so. Some of the Montana regiment work their way across these girders the next day when the Filipinos began to cross the intrenchments, and arrived on the other side to join in defeating them again after they had made a rally a little further back from the stream.

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